

# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY



MADemoiselle DE GOTTIGNIES, by Van Dyck  
Metropolitan Museum

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THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

OF WASHINGTON, AFFILIATED WITH THE

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY  
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# ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

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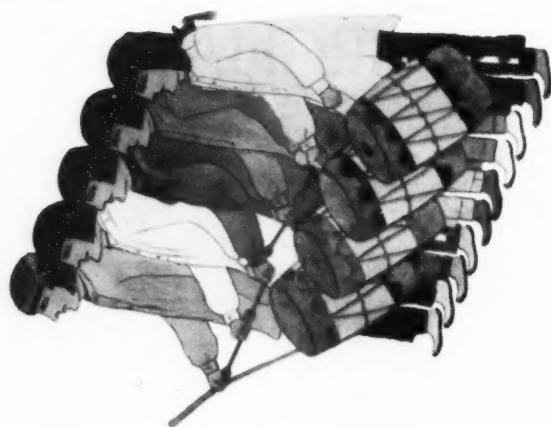
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The Eagle Dance, by Awa Tsireh. A fragment of an ancient rain and growth ceremony, depicting the office of the eagle as intermediary between earth and sky powers.



# ART *and* ARCHAEOLOGY

*The Arts Throughout the Ages*

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VOLUME XIII

MARCH, 1922

NUMBER 3

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## NATIVE AMERICAN ARTISTS<sup>1</sup>

By EDGAR L. HEWETT

THERE can be no effective study of the art of the native American race apart from its religion. The same may be said of its social structure, likewise of its industries, for planting, cultivating, harvesting, hunting, even war, are almost invariably dominated by religious rites, and the social order of the people is established and maintained by way of tribal ceremonials. Through age-old ritual and dramatic celebration, practiced with unvarying regularity, participated in by all, keeping time to the days, seasons and ages, moving in rhythmic procession with life and all natural forces, the people are kept in a state of orderly composure and like-mindedness.

The religious life of the Indian is expressed mainly through the tribal "dances." That term, as here used, has little of the meaning of the same word applied to the sex dances of

modern society, or to the esthetic and interpretive dances, with us a popular form of entertainment or of physical and esthetic culture. The native American has long and reverently contemplated nature, has reflected on his relations to the life and other phenomena about him, and has arrived at profound convictions which have been only slightly disturbed by contact with the European. For the successful ordering of his life, he has questioned his own spirit, and, singularly free from the "lord of creation" conceit, has sought and gained wisdom from birds, beasts, flowers, trees, skies, waters, clouds and hills. All this is voiced in his prayers and dramatized in his dances—rhythm of movement and of color summoned to express in utmost brilliancy the vibrant faith of a people in the deific order of the world and in the way the "ancients" devised for keeping man in harmony with his universe.

<sup>1</sup>Paper read at Ann Arbor meeting, Archaeological Institute of America, Dec. 29, 1921.



1. Basket Ceremony, by Fred Kabotie. A food ceremony, the women arranged as a ceremonial basket, symbolizing the cycle of woman's life from childhood to old age.

It is incorrect to say, as I formerly have, that the Indian does not dance for pleasure or for recreation. On the contrary, he experiences the most exalted satisfaction, physical, esthetic, spiritual, in the dance, and at the close of hours of intense and fervent concentration upon the ceremony, shows no evidence of fatigue but exhibits every sign of the contrary state. But the motive back of the Indian dance is never simply amusement or entertainment. Always it celebrates exalted relationships—dependence upon and gratitude to deific power for the gifts of life and well-being; stages in the progress of the individual through life, such as birth, maturity and mating; unity with all living things in forest, air and stream; humanity in its manifold activities of war and peace, of indus-

tries and arts; and mythical relations with an unseen world, rich in legend and creative lore, brilliant in color, elusive in mysticism.

Most constant of all are rain and growth ceremonials, dramatizing the process of planting, fructification, maturation and protection, preparation and use, of the food crops derived from Mother Earth, of which the corn is everywhere the symbol. The discovery and development of this plant was the dominant factor in the evolution of the culture of the native American race. As the discovery and development of metal gave direction to the culture of the European race, laid upon it a destiny of mechanical industrialism, control of natural forces, self-sufficiency, vast material advantages and potentiality of self-destruction.



2. Pine Tree Dance, by Fred Kabotie. A nature ceremony, performed in the summer.

tion, so corn shaped the destiny of the American race toward agrarian life, dependence upon nature, submission to powers outside of self, mysticism, and its resulting spiritual and esthetic culture, with marked inability to adapt to changes in environment.

The end of the European race, assuming that peoples, like individuals, must of necessity reach their end, would inevitably be from internal violence; that of the Indian from subjection from without, decline in spiritual power through the pressure of an unsympathetic, self-styled "superior" race. In contact now with all the races of the world it becomes imperative to work out a just measure of human values; to take notice of the distinct factors in civilization, reconsider the terms "superior" and "inferior"; acknowledge that fitness to live and probability of

survival does not depend solely on material efficiency and that the culture that rests on material power is probably the most unstable of all; that esthetic and ethical values are persistent beyond all others; that the races called by us "inferior" have qualities that are priceless to human society and that in the discovery, recognition and cultivation of the special abilities in the less powerful races, lies our soundest insurance against spiritual decline and extinction by way of our own material violence. The long-lived races of the East have stood high in ethical and esthetic culture. European races have enjoyed rapid rise in material culture and suffered quick disintegration.

Such is the background of tribal religion and racial mental type, in the light of which Indian art may be studied with appreciation and understanding.



3. The Plumed Serpent Procession, by Awa Tsireh. A representation of Awanyu; major deity of Rio Grande Pueblos; combination of deific power of earth and sky.

Left to themselves to choose their subjects Indian artists almost invariably portray their dramatic ceremonies. The examples presented here illustrate the whole range of drama and ritual referred to above. They constitute a distinct revelation in racial esthetics. A special ability is here disclosed which only awaits encouragement and opportunity. If it is as prevalent as we now believe it to be, the Indian race may attain to a place equal to that of the Orientals, whose art in many respects, such as its flat, decorative character, absence of backgrounds and foregrounds, freedom from our system of perspective, unerring color sense and strangely impersonal character, it strongly resembles. Carried over into ceramic decoration, as shown in the paper in this number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY by Mr. Chapman, it becomes highly symbolic. In fact, Indian painting, beginning with

the adornment of the human body with simple earthen colors, proceeding through the embellishment of the costume and of almost all articles of use, reaching its highest development in ceramics, is essentially a symbolic, decorative art. Rarely does it become distinctly pictorial. A noteworthy exception to this is seen in the Mimbres pottery figured in Mr. Chapman's paper, and here it maintains the archaic racial character—lack of representative style and freedom from exacting anatomical requirements—that has been the delight of the ancients through all time in all lands, and in which the ultra-modernists of today might find a true basis for a philosophy of art in which they seem as yet insecure.

From time to time, Indians have acquired some skill but no eminence in painting European-fashion under the instruction of white teachers. The artists here presented are painting in



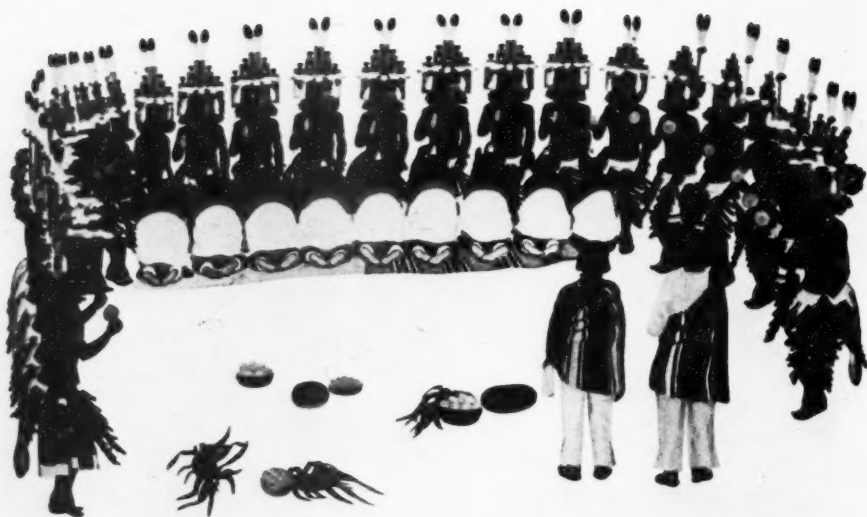
Fred Kabotie

4. Thanksgiving Ceremony, by Fred Kabotie. Ceremonial presentation of food to ancestral spirits.

their own style, developing their own technique, exercising their own color sense, absolutely free from white influence. These are three full-blooded Indian youths who are being given special encouragement by keeping them in the employ of the School of American Research, enabling them to paint two or three hours a day in addition to their regular manual duties about the buildings and grounds, protecting them from enthusiastic friends who would send them off to art schools (well-meaning individuals have come to the Southwest from time to time to teach these masters of ceramics, the Pueblos, how to make pottery!). The exact age of these boy artists is not known. The oldest, Awa Tsireh, is a Tewa from the village of San Ildefonso. He has only a primary education, obtained in the Indian day-school at his home. Fred

Kabotie, a Hopi boy, has finished the eighth grade in the United States Indian school at Santa Fe and is now trying first year High School work in the city with a fair prospect of making his grade. Velino Shije is a Zia boy who has about finished the fifth grade in the Government Indian school at Santa Fe. Great credit is due the superintendent of this institution and his wife who with excellent judgment gave these boys every encouragement, did not permit them to be taught art by our methods, but enabled them to go on in their own way, in which no one can teach them.

The first to display conspicuous ability in true Indian art was Crescencio Martinez (Te-e), a Tewa of San Ildefonso, who had worked for the School of Research for years in its excavations. He showed skill in the decoration of pottery and one day an-



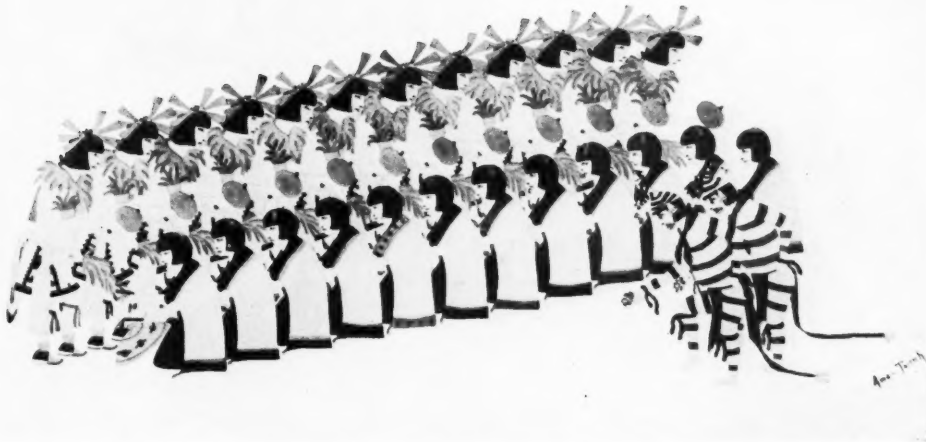
5. New Year Ceremony, by Fred Kabotie. A fructification ceremony performed at the beginning of the Indian New Year, the day of spring.

nounced that he could paint the costumed figures of the ceremonial dances. He was at once commissioned to do so and in the course of some months completed his task most creditably, just before his death. His work attracted the favorable attention of eminent artists. No one knew how he came by this remarkable ability. He had been taught nothing about drawing or color, and with no preparatory practice at all, did his work with unerring color sense and precision in drawing. Those who have followed him, inspired by his example and by the appreciation accorded his work, have shown the same singular talent. There is never any experimentation with their colors or patterns. The picture appears to be mentally completed. Then with absolute precision in drawing and color it is

executed, with never an erasure or the slightest modification of a line.

That this peculiar skill is possessed by many individuals among the Pueblos is certain from the observations already made. The purpose is to broaden the experiment as soon as possible by extending the same opportunity and encouragement to other individuals and tribes until it is made a fair demonstration of the ability of the race and the possibility of reviving what seems to be a power that has been submerged, dormant through the generations of their submission to the stronger, indifferent, unsympathetic European, but surviving to an unexpected degree. It raises an intensely interesting psychological problem. That the Indian race was rich in artists of a high order in ancient times, is certain on the evi-





6. Basket Ceremony, by Awa Tsireh. Depicting the gift of fertility to the women of the tribe.

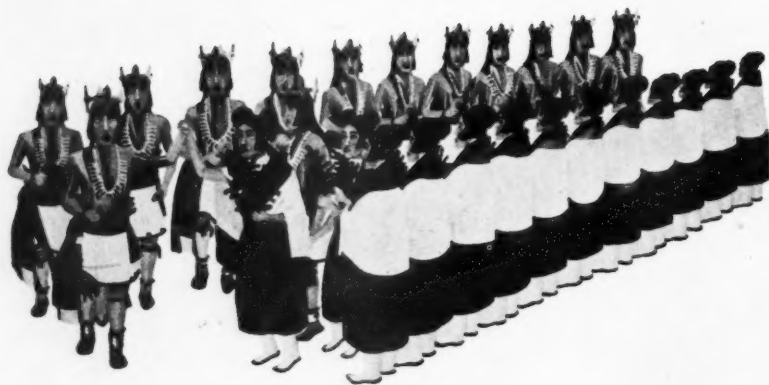
dence of their surviving works in architecture, sculpture, painting and ceramics in the Southwest, Mexico, Central America and Peru, the four most conspicuous culture areas of the American continent. Bernal Diaz relates that the artists of the Aztecs were sent to the seacoast by Montezuma to paint and bring back to him pictures of the horses, ships and white invaders under Cortez.

It will be interesting to see if the Indian can "come back" in art to his full ancient power. If so, he probably can in other lines of special ability. It has been customary to assert that the Indian as a race is doomed, but no race is doomed so long as its culture lives. When that is destroyed utterly, the soul of the people is dead, degradation through loss of self-respect is inevitable, and the race is beyond hope. But the spirit of the Indian race is still alive. Its culture survives and it is not beyond reasonable belief that the growing in-

telligence of the stronger race will at last bring about an appreciation of this splendid people, one hundred per cent American in ancestry and culture, and feel a vast pride in its survival and achievements. Its greatest day may still be in the future. It is certainly capable of being about the finest element in the American race that is in the making from so many diverse sources.

The Society of Independent Artists has taken a deep interest in the art described in this paper. For the third time it is being given a place in the annual exhibition at the Waldorf in New York City. It is suggested that those who read this article and who are so situated as to make it possible should see the original water-colors in this exhibition during the months of February and March. The School of American Research will, as soon as the undertaking can be financed, publish with appropriate text a portfolio of





7. Little Pine Dance, by Fred Kabotie. A tribal mating ceremony.

from fifty to one hundred of these paintings in the best possible color reproduction, which, it is hoped, will find a place in the leading libraries, art galleries and museums of the country, as well as in private collections.

Following is a list of the paintings, figured in this article as typical examples of the hundred or more water-colors painted by these young Indian artists.

Frontispiece. The Eagle Dance, by Awa Tsireh.

1. Basket Ceremony, by Fred Kabotie. (A food ceremony, arranged as a ceremonial basket, symbolizing the cycle of woman's life from childhood to old age.)
2. Pine Tree Dance, by Fred Kabotie.
3. The Plumed Serpent Procession, by Awa Tsireh.
4. Thanksgiving Ceremony, by Fred Kabotie.
5. New Year Ceremony, by Fred Kabotie.
6. Basket Ceremony, by Awa Tsireh.
7. Little Pine Dance, by Fred Kabotie.
8. Snake Dance, by Fred Kabotie.
9. War Dance, by Velino Shije.
10. Birth Ceremony, by Velino Shije.

The poem referred to under figure 10 is re-printed in full to illustrate one of

the many significant resemblances between the ceremonial life of plains and Southwestern tribes. The meaning of practically all of the surviving Pueblo ceremonies can be determined beyond question, though it is doubtful if the study of the rituals will be rewarded with anything like the complete success attained by Miss Fletcher and Mr. La Flesche in the study of the plains tribes. It was supposed at one time that we had secured an almost complete list of surviving Pueblo ceremonies. The work of the young Indian artists described in this article is disclosing the fact that almost innumerable dances are still known to the people, even though they have not been performed for many years. An attempt will be made to revive as many of these as possible, not merely because of their ethnological interest, but on account of their great value as esthetic achievements. The success attending the efforts to rescue every surviving frag-



8. Snake Dance, by Fred Kabotie. An arrangement of the well-known Hopi snake dance, at the moment when the snakes are thrown into the circle, preparatory to their return to the desert.

ment of English, Irish, Scandinavian, Slavonic and Middle European folk-dances and songs is pathetically meager in comparison with the possibility of restoring the complete dramatic ceremonials reflecting the whole life-history of the Native American Race.

#### INTRODUCTION OF THE OMAHA CHILD TO THE COSMOS

Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in  
the heavens,  
I bid you hear me!  
Into your midst has come a new life.  
Consent ye, I implore!  
Make its path smooth, that it may reach the  
brow of the first hill!

Ho! Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye that  
move in the air,  
I bid you hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, I implore!

Make its path smooth, that it may reach the  
brow of the second hill!

Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees,  
Grasses, all ye of the earth,

I bid you hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, I implore!

Make its path smooth, that it may reach the  
brow of the third hill!

Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly in the  
air,

Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that dwell in  
the forest,

Ho! Ye insects that creep among the grasses  
and burrow in the ground—

I bid you hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.

Consent ye, I implore!

Make its path smooth, that it may reach the  
brow of the fourth hill!



# THE SCIENTIFIC ESTHETIC OF THE REDMAN

By MARSDEN HARTLEY

## I.

### *The Great Corn Ceremony at Santo Domingo.*

ALL primitive peoples believe in and indulge the sensuous aspects of their religions. They provide for the delight of their bodies in the imagined needs of the soul. It is the one plausible excuse for a religion, to enter into it "entirely." To keep the body in a perpetual state of clear and clean delight. We have the Christian formulas of the past lingering so distressingly over into our modern era as to hardly convince us of our so praised progression. I refer to the false aspects of it, as regards self torture. Flagellation is not merely permitted by certain human consciences, it is still admired and practiced. The esthetic science of the redman is the edifying contrast. He is concerned entirely with the principle of conscious unity in all things.

The two types of subsouls living and worshipping in the southwest offer us the finest comment possible upon historic and prehistoric spiritual deduction. The one abides or attempts to abide by the medieval principle of torturing the flesh either concretely or abstractly, into penitence. The other "lives" by the delicate and beautiful aspects of the pagan religion. This pagan is not utterly hedonistic as might be imagined. He is not striving for pleasure as an end. It is the means to so fine an end in him that one not only sanctions but encourages him in his comparably fascinating procedure.

I am a devout and everlasting convert to the science of the redman this morning, the redman as artist. He has

shown us of today once and for all that religion in order to be a factor in experience must be pleasurable. It must delight every part of us which is capable of response. When a man can so attune his body that every part of it not only aspires but accomplishes the perfect fusion of the song, the poem, and the dance, then he may be said to achieve the perfect notion of what a real religion should be, what the spiritual universe is meant to signify, and more especially to the esthetic consciousness; it is the cosmic significance to the poetic soul raised to its most convincing height. Religion without song and poetry could not be conceived of. There never has been such a religion. Any religionist will assure you of that if he is a genuine one. It is the primitive, therefore the original man who finds that without the inclusion of the body there is or can be no satisfactory religious expression.

We are witness of the tortures the devotees of Buddha inflict upon themselves to attain the supreme indifference of flesh, the last shades of ecstatic calm. It is a beyondness these false aspects aspire to, which make them abnormal to us. It is the oneness of things, primitives such as the redman postulates for the beliefs of his soul, which convinces him. The redman deities are "good" to him and his people, providing them with what they need, which in their excessive naturalness is all they ask for. They return what compliment they can by celebrating them at prescribed intervals dictated to them by nature, decorating their bodies with the ornaments either a direct product of nature, or sug-

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gested to them by way of symbolic import conceived and organized through the esthetic sense. Ornaments such as a girdle of oxtoes or toes of the sheep or goat, which not only look attractive but create by jingling together a certain resonant and attractive sound. A strand of seashells from shoulder to hip, strands of bells just above the knee, hides of the coyote hanging from the pack of the pelvis; skirts of their own weaving, ornamented with red and black and green symbolic patterns in embroidery, finished with a wide girdle of flax or hemp with long fringes that dangle at the side and finish off the ornament there. Death masks of skunk skin round the ankles. The rest of the body bare to the sun, ornamented with chains of turquoise, chains of silver, superb orange shells inlaid with brilliant turquoises. Multitudinous accompaniment of bright shining things to add lustre and the beauteous sense of worship in adornment. Young sprigs of evergreen fastened in the middle of the arm, with the final touch of the gourd rattle in the hand to complete the outward signs of the inward spiritual grace of the redman, dancing for the fruition of the corn. All these details being of course the descriptive aspects of the well known corn dance of the redman, which is danced in probably all of the existing tribes in some form or other. It is the koshare heading the dancers, weaving in and out among them, who gives one the meaning of the dance, with a series of impeccable gestures of fine rhythmic beauty to interpret to the others the significance of the ploughing and the enriching of the earth, out of which shall rise to maturity the worshipped personality, the corn.

It is the corn which is their chief sustenance, and therefore the summer

dances consist almost entirely of corn dances. In the specific dance of yesterday (August 4th) at the pueblo of San Domingo, one of the most beautiful, certainly of the pueblos of the Rio Grande, you had the largest spectacle, both as to numbers and the sense of volume. A sublime spectacle of pagan splendour such as I am certain can not be excelled by any other of the so-called strange races in existence. I had fears for the moment lest upon their exit from the kiva there would be found the absurdly misapplied influence of governmental persuasion. It is the fact among us who understand or wish to understand the redman sincerities which can not help but disconcert. We know efforts are abroad to make the fatal compromise and therefore end for the world one of the most interesting race expressions known in the history of races. We are immensely rewarded that at least one more show of naturalness might be witnessed of the remaining though rapidly disappearing shades of veracity of soul among original peoples. The effort to standardize had once more been religiously postponed. It was gratifying in the extreme, at least to those somehow gifted with esthetic perception.

The ceremony in the church of the marriages of the past year was sweetly simple, even if it rankled the pagan or intellectual considerably to watch these invasions of utterly factitious influence. For invasion it is, and can be nothing else, having nothing whatsoever to do with the conception of the universe which the redman entertains and is convinced of. It is easy for him to tolerate the Christian intrusion since it represents for him one more belief in the unquestionable goodness in things around him. It is otherwise as foreign to them essentially, as all white attempts upon



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the red soul inevitably must be. Their sense of deity is far too cosmic to permit of such exclusive personification. The redman is first of all a very intelligent being. His intuition is raised to the last degree of clarity as a result of keenest observation which has taken centuries to perfect in his blood and brain, heart, soul, mind, and body. He has proven to himself and everyone who wishes to understand, the fine moralities of nature. Her ethic intention is too certain to him to ignore. He must celebrate. He is among the rare few who have not lost the sense of and power for celebration. He has proven once and for all the two enduring shades in nature, the sense of order, and the sense of immateriality. Nature has done big work in her time, and in his time also. The redman acknowledges that humbly and without arrogance. She is continuing despite her so intelligent and arrogant citizens of today. The modern brain is inventing new and alarming mechanical devices to supplement her less efficacious and productive mechanisms. Devices as well to do away with the once so important bodily gesture. We are becoming mechanical brained so rapidly that soon there will be nothing left of the needs of the body to express itself outside of mechanistic demands. There is no need among us of spiritual significance in bodily movement. Formerly the sun was for men the great approving audience. Today it is our single moral spectator. Is it any wonder then, that the redman holds to him, this majestic solar entity, with parental reverence, just as the child clings to the knee, calling him father. Is it any wonder the earth which he caresses with his warm red feet becomes the beneficent mother to him? Could there be finer, more dignified parentage than these pagan guardians of his

body's welfare? Could there be a better, more reverent offspring?

It is not to wonder then that the redman through his moral perception and his esthetic science thinks of us as something let into his universal sphere by the grace of inopportune supplication? The redman looks you up and down in a moment and is convinced your whiteness or greyness will never be quite what his red world expects and is witness of in the men and women of his own race. If he has deceptions he has learned them from the whites chiefly, for no good Indian is without exceptional moral character. There is no exoticism in him, no false psychology, no false moral shades. He has been all his life long a searcher after the norm in moral and spiritual adjustment. He has sought incessantly for the precise value in his body and mind and soul which would correspond to what the sky and the cloud, the earth and the sun look to his acutely microscopic eye. He has invested them with presence because he has always had the need of worship. They were the obvious natural deities. He was thinking just as profoundly as the Greeks and the Egyptians were thinking, but his philosophies were intuitively systematic, and not intellectually set, formula. He wanted original gods, as they were wanting them, and like them, he invented them for his own uses. He had no set scheme pre-arranged for his existence, and like every original in our now so unoriginal world, he had to create for himself a system which would coincide with his imperative need and correspond to the size of the "thing" around him. It is to be found in the symbolization of individual entities passing before him in solemn procession. He took the major presences first of all, and invested them with

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deific virtues because of the gifts they conferred. He began naturally then, with the sun, the moon, the earth, the sky. Then the rain, which is born of the cloud. The animals and the birds that clothed and fed him came next in his world. Then the vegetable kingdom he personified and blessed. For all of these he invented symbols of celebration and in the creation of these he formed his uniquely original and most convincing esthetic science.

Taste never rises out of barbarism. It rises from acute sensibility. The true artist is therefore and must of implied necessity be the most sensitive of men. Forms with light on them were come to the point of being understood, of "coming to understanding," and therefore to realization in the esthetic consciousness. The great artist is then that one who is most sensitive to the spirit of existence in the things around him, which is nothing but the life in them. Great art is born out of great understanding of life. The artist employs the inevitable harmonic law of the geometric principle in nature. He learns how to rhythmicize a lifeless space in terms of existing life. The modern artist confines himself chiefly to the quadrangle. The primitive peoples placed their art in every phase of their intimate life. From living in the clear and free air, the life of the animals taught them the sense of privacy for the intimacies of their individual lives. Love was for the out of doors. Marriage was for the secluded places because it involved the results of procreation. Else the animals would never have found caves and invented dark places to be silent in, in time of great giving forth. Nature is silent in her creative processes.

Most animals and birds are masters of design and ornamentation, as nature

is, in the organisms of themselves. The birds invented perfect ways to build their nests. Simple consciousness taught the birds and animals that their bodies and the bodies of their broods required food and warmth for existence. Similarly it was, humans learned the higher forms of the nest and the cave, and the need for self providence. From their loftiness of feeling toward something like themselves, only somehow greater since it created them too, arose the redman's sense of worship, of celebration, of gratitude. He had the inner need of deification thrust upon him. His religious instincts were therefore complete and thoroughly reliable in themselves. The trees taught him the use of the column, the sky the use of the arch, and his temple was begun. The column came to support the arch. From these were evolved open and closed spaces, such as walls and windows, with always the need of a place there to look "toward" reverently. From this he formed his altar, and from this the kiva became necessary to the redman, a place to go away in and reflect, a sanctuary. Each living entity therefore called for celebration. Each became symbol to his sense of existence, or in other words, his imagination. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Assyrians, the Abbysinians, and on to ourselves found themselves with not only the need but the power to create, and the artist became the necessity. Everyone was taught the science of his specific racial esthetic, so that art sprang from the whole race.

Today in this unreverential age the artist is the excrescence. He is not necessary to the system prevailing like the engineer, the chemist, and the mechanical inventor. When art became personal and individual it became realistic and concrete, as well as jour-



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nalistic. It knew only the objectively obvious. Art without some sort of symbolization is hardly realizable. So it is we have the highly deified and wholly worshipped mechanical era. Electricity is our new found deific principle. Therefore it is science and not religion or art has become our modern necessity. Science has proven so much the imagination can not prove. It is, however, the imaginative principle keeping man as well as the artist in man alive. It is through the imaginative principle the artist may expect to endure. The power to visualize and make real what has been observed or imagined. The attempt in this century in art which is called modern or ultra modern, is the attempt on the part of the modern artist to "know" esthetics in the sense of intellect rather than of religious symbol. Intellect in lieu of soul. It is commendable and clear-sighted inasmuch as we are not as yet a great race or a great era in the sense of ancient and eternal imagination. Great art is now a type of mental calculus. There is need for an eye like the modern mind. That is the only plausible excuse for the attempts of impressionism and its forerunners up to the last shades of eclecticism. All these shades are plausible as well as valuable since they attempt to elucidate the modern ocular necessity, and replace the sense of soul in the ancients. We are essentially irreligious. The proof of modern esthetic it is too soon to realize or measure in the larger sense of esthetic expression. They should be welcomed merely for their modern intensity and logical existence. The comparison of modern esthetic is merely used here to accentuate the gifts for invention of all living peoples. It emphasizes the importance of esthetics to all peoples as a natural mode of expression.

So it is I wish to speak of the esthetic of the redman as the science of the redman because it has been so exceptionally perfected for his own racial and therefore personal needs. He has unified his sense of music as sound, music as words, and music as movement. He has found the melodic harmonization of his muscles is as necessary as the perceptions of his ear and brain. He has found the way to celebrate his universe by a complete and overwhelming convincing esthetic. It is not possible to know what the common eye received from these redman performances. One thing is possible, however. That is, that the artist has found confronting him, an example of artistry such as we of our time are totally at a loss to rival, or even so much as to copy in any feeble degree. The corn dance seen yesterday was not an example of new art. It was the art of a yesterday of thousands of years of experiment, and final achievement.

It is the artist who is most of all privileged to celebrate the scientific esthetic of the redman, as being for him one of the finest examples of ancient and living art he can hope in his time to witness. It is an artistry to which the real artist imbued with artistic conscience, with a belief in the esthetic integrity of the artist, need never be ashamed of belonging. He need never fear for the unflinching devotion to the principle he chooses to follow. He is necessary to himself, therefore necessary to the principles of human expression. The sense of beauty is a vital essential, since nature has shown him the way. He will be remembered more for his conscientious adherences than for his capacity for compromise. I can not personally conceive of the artist being present at the dances of the redman not coming to this

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conclusion if he have the true soul or a conception of what the artist's mind or possible soul signifies. The redman dances for his own development, for his own mental and spiritual as well as bodily efficiencies. What else then shall the primal preoccupation of the artist be? The modern artist is irreligious. That is his first barrier. He is superficial; that is his second. His more or less indifferent copying will yield him nothing beyond an immediate practical prosperity. Until he has imbibed something of the character and quality underlying and inherent in the superior spectacle of spiritual veracity, he can not hope to do more than feebly copy the tritest of externals which any half naked eye can observe.

My salutations are to the scientific esthetic of the redman. It is the artist who is permitted to understand a great many things, for he is despite himself part priest and part actor. These are the primal instincts of the type, the power for reverence, and the power for re-presentation. It has been said that the artist mind is the Promethean mind. It is the artist's psychology, this certain capacity for loving the flame of life. We find in all art just what proportion has existed in great geniuses, Shakespeare, Goethe, Homer, and countless others. The esthetic of past arts in the special invention of the individual along the vast outlines of progress. The artist should welcome then, his understanding, since he is intended to have a more than average eye, a more than average brain. Perception is or should be concentrated in him. It is what the philosophers crave. The power to "see" clearly. It is what the artist has with his eye, the power to observe the rhythmic order of the universe. The eye with a brain in it is what every artist should covet. Men-

tal or intellectual ocularity is the degree he must expect of himself. It is the age of the eye. The ear has had its age, we may almost say. The musician's eye to see is as important to him now as his ear to hear. Above all, it is the brain to think out sound clearly, and to invent new sensations of sounds. For the artist, it is the eye that counts. It is the clue to what is called modernism. The new principle implies mental and ocular originality in the artist.

The science of the redman has shown us the need of visualized gesture in our own modern and mechanistic existence. The power to put over majestically the conception of "thing in existence." The Christian conception gave us some fine cathedrals and a few great paintings in the cathedral spirit. The worst that it taught us was abnegation of the body. It brought us our puritanism. The redman of the seen to be yesterday will have taught our pale mentality what the red understanding of the universe is. It will have taught the principle of the pagan conception, that everything that is worth caring for is worth celebration. That nothing in art shall endure or in life for that matter, without the explicit inclusion of the body. Complete understanding includes the clear conception of the beauty of the body even in its sensuous frankness. The redman has trusted for centuries the single moral spectator he had encountered, namely the sun. We are ashamed of the sun today. We trust the moon more for our sensuous enterprises. It covers. We clothe ourselves with Christian prudery. This is something for the Christian principle to remember. The hiding of things produces curiosity. Curiosity is of necessity vicious. We should be frankly and openly familiar, as esthetics are sure to be rightly familiar. The artist, like the physician

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at his best, knows no curiosity. He being by reason of his nature familiar with all things in life. He is scientific spectator of all the principles of nature. To the artist all things are "visible." His eye penetrates cheap clothing. He has clairvoyancy for what is wilfully withheld from him. Hence his special power. He could not think of the redman as undressed. He thinks of him as naked. All nakedness is virtuous. He is not responsible as spectator for what happens immorally above the eyes, in the heads of other people.

The science of the redman is something for governments and nations to uphold. At least for as long as our aristocratic guests shall remain in the land of their so plebeian host. He can not abide with us for long. Modern pruderies can be convinced of this. To hurry individuals and races off the face of the earth as is obviously the modern fashion is not the decent conduct of respectable humans. The plea for the scientific esthetic of the redman must come then from the artist as being perhaps the only one to instantly recognize. The artist finds himself in the presence of superior artistry without rival in the present day, certainly. He sees the high state of spiritual excellence the redman has evolved in his scientific esthetic. He has shown us an impeccable mastery in most personal form of expression. We can thank the redman then for the glimpse he gives us in his remaining years of the spectacle of original esthetic achievement. The

science of the redman, it must truthfully be called. It is from the redman I have verified my own personal significance. I have learned that originality is the sole medium for creation. I have learned that what is true for races is true for individuals. That art is a logical necessity to the development of human beings as long as they retain the psychology typical of them, as we have known them up to this era.

When the hour comes that shall prove us as a nation capable of understanding art, we shall hope to arrive at our much needed maturity among the great nations. We shall in respect of art, prove perhaps more than we have up to the present time, more than just a youthful willingness to learn. *We* are old enough among nations even now, to "know" better. Until the esthetic consciousness becomes an individual issue, as it certainly was with the great races, such as the Greeks, the Egyptians, and even our redman in his gifted way, there is little hope of an inherent national culture. That is the artist's business. To prove himself necessary to his nation, more the instrument of cultivation and less of a *marchande des modes* in the medium of painting as expression. It is the artist most of all who needs awakening to the science of esthetics. The dance of the redman offers to him a perfect example of race achievement through personal application and devotion.

New York, N. Y.

(To be continued.)



# LIFE FORMS IN PUEBLO POTTERY DECORATION

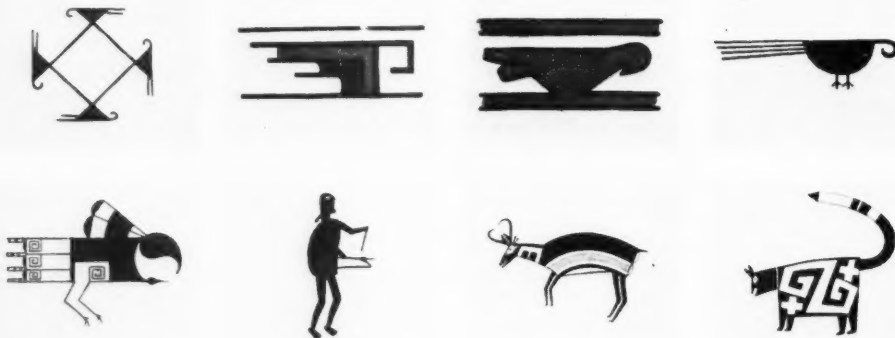
By KENNETH M. CHAPMAN

MUCH of the decorative art of all primitive peoples is derived from living forms which have become so conventionalized that their origin is often hard to trace. But the realistic representation of certain animals often persists, adding zest to our pleasure in line and form and space. In such recognizable forms of human, animal, bird, serpent, and insect life we often find what we fail to grasp in highly conventionalized designs, a record of primitive man's regard for all nature about him, and of his own relation to it.

The Southwest affords a most inviting field for a study of this persistence of realism in decorative art. Here, the remote ancestors of the Pueblo Indians spread throughout a vast area, settled in groups by the headwaters of little streams and for untold centuries before the coming of the Spanish, recorded the contentment of

their simple lives by the symbolic decoration of pottery. There is a remarkable geometric quality in this early decorative art that has led to the belief that it was borrowed from the angular forms of basket and textile design. This geometric idea must have had a strong hold upon the imagination of the ancient potters for even their drawings of animal forms had all but merged into it. In figure 1, we find the bodies of four birds as parts of a geometric design, each with a mere crook and two lines to represent its head and tail.

As time went on, there came a concentration of greater populations in various areas and in these the ancient decorative art was modified in many ways. In some new forms of geometric art were devised, and these still held sway over realism. In others, however, there was a remarkable trend toward realistic drawing of life forms. In the



1. Ancient black and white.  
5. Ancient Hopi.

2. Pajarito Plateau.  
6. Mimbres Valley.

3. Pajarito Plateau.  
7. Mimbres Valley.

4. Mesa Verde.  
8. Mimbres Valley.



9. Mimbres Valley.  
13. Casas Grandes.

10. Mimbres Valley.  
14. Casas Grandes.

11. Casas Grandes.  
15. Zuñi.

12. Casas Grandes.  
16. Zuñi.

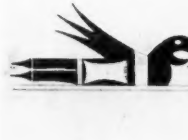
once populous region of the Pajarito plateau in northern New Mexico, the bird was painted in rectangular forms with broad outlines of glazed black (figure 2). Many of these bird figures could not be recognized except by the recovery of enough material to show their identity with more realistic forms like figure 3. In another area, the Mesa Verde of southwest Colorado, a marked turn toward realism is seen in the rounded body, and the addition of legs to the bird shown in figure 4. In a third area, that of the Ancient Hopi, the bird was combined with new symbolism and new decorative arrangements in which beautiful sweeping curves played a prominent part. One of the most realistic of these appears in figure 5.

Far removed from the Ancient Hopi were the people of the Mimbres valley in southern New Mexico. Here they had not only developed the geometric design of the ancients to its highest degree of perfection but they had also used with it the greatest variety of life forms to be found in either ancient or modern Pueblo art. These include representations of deities or mythical personages, of the people themselves

in their various occupations and rites, and a remarkable list of animals, birds, serpents, fish and insects. In figure 6, one of a group of hunters, we see the difficulty which the primitive artist found in trying to represent the action of the arms while adhering to the conventional drawing of the shoulders in full front view. Animal and bird forms were filled with most striking symbolic designs (figure 7). Others show a keen observation of details. In figure 8, we have an antelope, whose horns, throat stripes and white rump patches are all clearly shown, the latter drawn one above another without regard for their realistic arrangement. The bird (figure 9) also bears a symbolic device, and the serpent (figure 10) shown with a horn, is clearly an ancient form of the mythical horned or plumed serpent of modern Pueblo Indian art.

There is a most marked difference between this development of realism and that found in the Casas Grandes region of Chihuahua, Mexico, which marks the southernmost limit of the ancient Pueblo culture. Here human, bird and serpent forms were usually confined within the triangular or rectangular spaces of involved geometric





17. San Ildefonso.  
21. Zia.

18. San Ildefonso.  
22. Laguna.

19. Santo Domingo.  
23. Acoma.

20. Cochiti.  
24. Hopi.

designs (figures 11 to 14 inclusive). The serpent would hardly be recognized as such without the horn, which identifies it with figure 10.

This development of a distinct decorative system had ended in some areas long before the Spanish invasion; in others it seems to have lasted through a century of contact with the conquering race. Except for the use of plant forms, which seldom appeared in pre-Spanish decoration, there seems to be no trace of European influence upon later Pueblo art. Decorated pottery is still made in most of the Pueblo villages and each now has its own distinct system of design. Many still make use of life forms. Examples are shown in figures 15 to 24 inclusive. We see in all of these the introduction of new symbolism. The Zuñi deer (figure 15) is always represented with a single white rump patch, and with a symbolic device once commonly used in all animal figures, a line of red connecting the mouth and heart.

Three forms of the horned or plumed serpent are shown in figure 17. One of these bears the conventional symbol of clouds. These clouds, together with symbols of sky and rain, appear also

in the San Ildefonso bird (figure 18). They recur constantly in pottery decoration and are to be interpreted both as an expression of gratitude for the blessing of rain, and as a prayer for its continuance.

Except for the parrot from Acoma pottery (figure 23), there is no recognizable species among these birds. This does not imply a lack of observation or memory on the part of the Pueblo potters, for they are close observers of nature. Nor does it imply a lack of artistic ability, for their art is based upon sound principles of design and much of it is done with surprising skill. This comparison of life forms from the most ancient to the most modern does seem to show, however, that a certain degree of realism was deliberately sacrificed to symbolism, and that the ability to depict the characteristic features of the eagle, the quail, or any other bird or animal was applied to the decorative arrangement of an all important symbolism. Considering this strong tendency toward the symbolic and conventional extinction of life forms, it is surprising indeed to find them still a decorative element in modern Pueblo art.

*Santa Fe, New Mexico.*

# THE JOY OF ART IN RUSSIA

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

## II—THE STONE AGE

HERE ends the "stamping" of life through metal. Here ends nationality and the conventions of political economy; here ends the rôle of the crowds. Art alone does not end beyond them. A different man stands out clearly: it is from the Stone Age that he is looking at us. Joy of art has been rolling its waves through all the periods of life. The abyss between those waves has been very deep at times, but the higher rose the crests of the waves: so high, indeed, that we can discern them from our view-point.

Let some people look askance at the "deadness" of archaeology, and draw a sharp line between it and art. Even a self-denying lover can be excused his involuntary shudder as he approaches the Stone Age: for, that age is too far from our modern conception of life—which makes it as difficult to grasp the realities of the Stone Age as it would be difficult to see the depths of the firmament with a naked eye.

Humanity knew the joy of art, and we can still trace it. Let us forget for a while the sheen of metal. Let us think of the many wonderful shades of stone, of the noble hues of precious fur, the graining of self-colored wood, the yellow chords of reeds and rushes, and the beauty of the strong human body of the cave-man. We should keep them in mind all the time while we try to penetrate into the atmosphere of the days when that man lived. Can we actually catch glimpses of it, and hear its echoes? Or, is it just possible to find a correct view-point?

The tradition of a Mordve tribe says:

"The goddess Angi-Patthey, in her wrath stamped a flint stone against a rock—and gods of earth and water, of forests and dwellings, appeared from the sparks. She finished with the flint stone and flung it to the earth; but it became a god too, for she had not killed the creative power in it. And the flint stone became the god of propagation. That is why a little hole in every yard, or under the threshold, is covered with a little flint stone god."

Let us compare this legend to the Mexican one:

"On the Mexican sky there were once upon a time the god Zitlal Tonnack, a shining star, and the goddess Zitlal Kuhe—the one that wears a starry garment. That starry goddess bore unto him a strange creature—a flint stone knife. Their other children, astounded, flung it down to earth. In striking it, the flint stone broke into fragments, and one thousand and six hundred gods and goddesses appeared among the sparks."

Thus we see that the cosmogony of Erzia<sup>1</sup> is no poorer than that of the Mexicans.

"With a stone knife thou shalt kill the calf," orders the sacrificial ritual of Voti.

"The arrow sent by thunder lessens the pain in child-birth," is the belief among the unsophisticated Russian "healers."

"The Giants have buried a stone in the forests," remembers the progeny of Yem and Viess.

There are many more traditions and legends. Each tribe keeps until now the mysterious foundation stone of the

<sup>1</sup>Mordve, Erzia, Voti, Yem, Viess, are Finno-Slavonic tribes. Part I, ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY February, 1922.





"CALL OF THE SUN." (Stone Age.) By N. Roerich.

Stone Age. Customs and beliefs, as well as the half-legible fibres of the ornaments, never give up the tale of the "pre-historic" times.

So are those times called; but they are not absolutely detached from ours: on the contrary, they find their way within the pages of our history. Where are the limits of life beyond which we can see no metals?

We Russians are in the habit of searching for the roots of our art very far back. We refer them to India, Mongolia, China or Scandinavia, or to the grotesque imagination of the Finns. Yet, besides the impressions left by the later tides, we have, like every other

nationality, the general human path leading back to the most ancient international hieroglyphics, which explain human love of beauty: this is the path through the Stone Age.

It can be foretold that, seeking for a more perfect existence, humanity will think more than once of the Free Man of the ancient times. He knew Nature, and lived heart to heart with it, hand in hand. This is something that we have lost.

Harmonious were the motions of the ancient; sensible were his thoughts; he was exacting in his sense of proportion and in his love for ornamentation. It is a mistake of a scanty knowledge to



"HUNTER DANCES." By N. Roerich.

define the ancient Stone Age as an era of the primitive, the utterly uncultured man. There are no traces of the animal primitiveness in the stone pages that have reached us. We can only guess in them a culture most distant from ours: so distant, indeed, that we can hardly think of it as of a *culture*; it is too different from our erroneous conceptions of a "savage."

The now almost extinguished uncultured natives with their flint stone spears resemble the man of the Stone Age just as much as an idiot resembles a sage; they are only degenerates; a few racial motions are the only link left between those two. In reality, the man of the Stone Age has set a-ringing the birth springs of all cultures to come. He had the power to do it; while a savage of our days has lost all his power

over Nature—and with it all his sensing of her beauty.

Human existence, fighting and erring in its constant fear, has made a maze of itself; and, in order to see new open roads, we should discover those from where we started.

It is only recently that we have grasped that the entrance halls of the museums filled with dusty old metal illustrate not a dark spot on the geological tree of our art, but its brightest shoots. This should command as much awe as does the fact that humanity has been in existence scores of thousands of years.

We are not deceived by the few fragments of bronze and by the piles of crushed stone that are the only things found in the places where the main squares of immense cities stood once



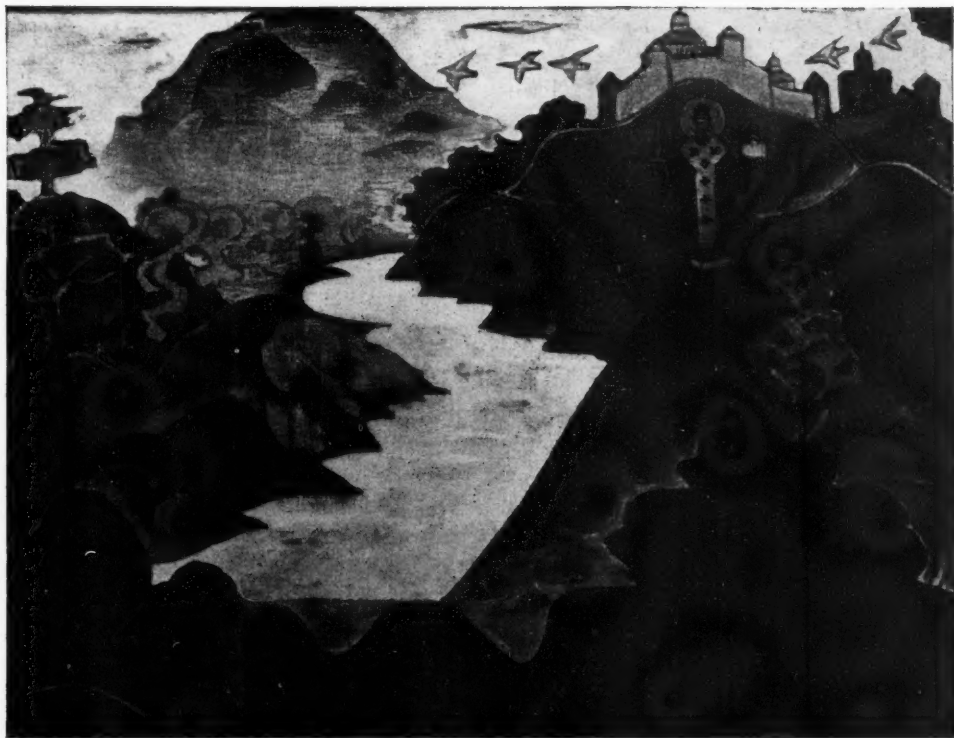
"SACRED LAKE." By N. Roerich.

upon a time; we realize the smile with which Time has been playing about. Just in the same way the Stone Age could not possibly be represented by the few fragments of stone that have remained on the surface of the earth.

Mystery dwells round the traces of the Stone Age. Nothing except its remains is attributed to heavenly origin. Many gods are supposed to have sent their spears and arrows flying about the earth!

In the so-called Classical Era the real derivation of the stone weapons could not be solved, and the Mediaeval

Era failed in that task too. It was only towards the end of the XVIII century that some of the learned have come to disclose the origin of the most ancient objects of man's make. But even their statements are scanty and vague. There are but a few of them that carry conviction; most of them still remain open to argument. There is no wonder, because, if the lapse of just one thousand years makes it difficult to find an absolute definition with regard to some particular century—how much more difficult it is when scores of thousands of years have gone by? Even the



"ST. NICHOLAS." By N. Roerich.

Glacial Era has been replaced in some of the theories by a sudden cosmic catastrophe!

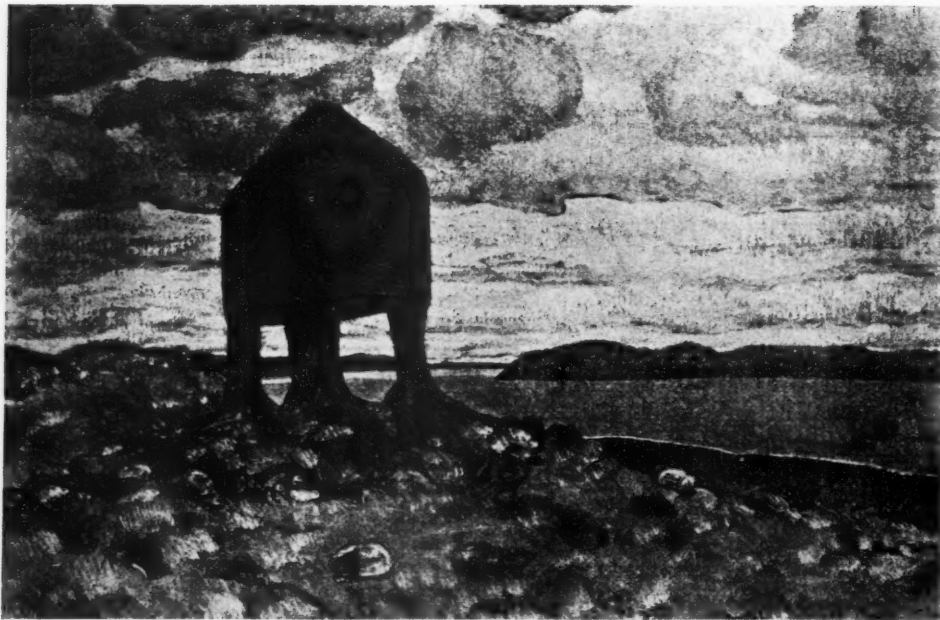
Let us remember that all the names of the ancient eras have been given to them but "conditionally" and have come from the names of the districts where the ancient objects have been found. One can imagine what wealth of unexpected things is still hidden within the earth, and what changes may be coming in the now established theories!

There have already occurred some startling instances of this kind. It is dangerous to fix scientific theories within our knowledge of ancient stone objects. The artistic point of view

alone is possible. The investigations of the beauty of ancient life can not impede the scientific proofs which are to follow them in the future.

It is quaint that the aspirations of the Stone Age seem to be the nearest to our modern searching of beauty. The cycle of culture is but leading us back to what the ancient man realised in his time; I mean the longing for harmony. The painful searching for the latter in our modern art particularly reminds of the care with which the ancient man tried to make his surroundings sensible and harmonious, embellished by his loving touch.

Each single item of our life gives an idea of its other ingredients. An ex-



"THE HOUSE OF THE DEATH." (Slavonic custom.) By N. Roerich.

cellent point of a spear tells of a handle that must have matched it. The same refers to any tool or weapon. The imprints of cords and nettings are very eloquent. It is obvious that home life with a cave-man had its fixed standard of comfort and beauty.

The breath of the Stone Ages reaches us as a breath of Joy of Life. The hungry and greedy human wolves came but later on: the Stone Age man was more like the king of the forests—the bear: satisfied with ample food, homely, powerful but good-natured, heavy but quick, furious yet kind, persevering yet benevolent. Such was the type of the Stone Age man.

Many of the peoples have the legend about the bear being "a man turned round." There exists quite a cult founded on this belief, because humanity senses in the bear many features which are akin to the first forms of

human life. The cave-man is monogamist by nature; it is only the growth of the family—its working capacities—that make him stoop to polygamy. He values bearing children as a means to continue his creative work; he has a personal longing to create and to embellish things. The need of exchange, the habit of smartness and the fear of solitude have appeared but in the later stages of human life. The cave-man admitted the social principles only where intermingling with others did not really affect his inner sense of personal freedom,—for instance, in hunting, in fishing.

The remnants of the first two epochs (as these are supposed to be by the geologists)—*i. e.* the petrified bones of the terrific creatures that lived then—form a canvas for a boundless tale of imagination; but let us leave them to an artist's soul, to which they are as





"GIANT'S GRAVE." By N. Roerich.

precious as the works of human hands. Let us also leave alone the third Pliocene with its mysterious forerunner of man. This is a region of guesses and inventions. The scratches found on petrified bones and on flint stones are not sufficient for consequent artistic valuation. But the Chellian, the Acheulian and the Mousterian epochs of the pre-Glacial period already approach art. We see the man as the king of nature at that time. He has hand-to-hand fights with the monsters; with assured blows he moulds the wedge—his first weapon sharpened on both edges. The mammoth, the rhinoceros, the elephant, the bear, the gigantic deer give him their skins.

He leaves his dwelling, the cave, to the lion and the bear, and does not mind their being his neighbours, since he already protects his new dwelling with stakes. Another jolly way of a con-

queror occurs to him—and he tames the beasts! This was an exciting time of numberless conquests.

Then we see the man intuitively moved by the instincts of harmony and rhythm. In the two last epochs of the Paleolithic (Solutrian and Magdalenian) we see his dwelling and his home life perfected by means of art to a degree. All that a solitary creature could do has been created by the ancient of that period.

The herds of deer presently appeared to him as an excellent material for practical use. The man began making arrows, needles, ornaments, handles, etc., of deer horns. The first horn sculpture and the first designs belong to that period; also the famous little figure of a woman: the stone Venus Brassempui.

Various kinds of ornamentations can be traced in the caves; their ceilings bear

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designs representing animals, and it is quite obvious that the artist of those days had an acute sense of observation and could convey the exactness of movement. The ease and freedom of his lines approach in their harmony the best Japanese drawings.

The caves in the South indicate beyond any doubt the true sense of art in the ancient man; they bear traces of the first mineral paints and sometimes have complex designs on their ceilings. Such dwellings are sure to have been lighted with suspending lamps, especially as the discovered objects of that period reach the qualities of jewelry: finest needles, bridles for deer, ornaments made of pierced sea-shells and of the teeth of animals.

As the principle of exchange was gradually taking root in man's mind, the power of imagination in producing desirable objects was bound to develop.

There is a break between the paleolithic and neolithic periods which, to our minds, is filled with mystery. There might have been some cosmic changes; or, different tribes of humanity came into existence, or, again, the cycle of a certain ancient culture might have come to its closing point; but the features of human life that can be distinctly traced next are different. Apparently, solitude has lost its fascination over the mind of man. He has learned the charm of sociability. That knowledge brought new spiritual demands from art creations—and new means of fighting! Many skulls of that period are found to be fractured with heavy weapons. The man of the deluvian (quaternary) period threw his challenge to life—which expressed itself in Neolith.

In Russia there is nothing striking found as yet illustrating our Paleolithic epoch; but Russian Neolithic is sure to

have been abundant in quantity and in the variety of its objects of art. All the best types of weapon can be found in it.

The Baltic amber ornaments found together with flint stone work belong to the times 2000 B.C. In the Kiev district a mysterious religious tribe appears not only to have possessed polished weapons in the places of their worship, but also little statuettes of women, which indicate their derivation from the cult of Astarte (16th cent. B.C.).

At the battle of Marathon some of the units were using flint stone arrows! All this shows how the periods of various cultures have overlapped each other.

The Russian Neolith has left piles of weapons and of pottery on the banks of rivers and lakes. Putting together the ringing fragments and following the re-appearing forms and designs, one feels amazed at the power of imagination reflected in them. Particularly characteristic are the remnants of pottery. They indicate that similar ornamentation has been applied to clothes, to wooden dwellings, and to the human body itself: to all that could not outlive the pressure of time.

The same types of ornaments have found their way into the epochs of metal; and even the modern embroideries take us back to the most ancient era, as, for instance, the popular design of the deer has nothing to do with the polar regions, unknown to the central Russian, but should be attributed to the times before the deer has gone over to the far North, because the bones of that animal are found in abundance amongst the flint stones in the centre of Russia. The clay beds of the Stone Age often bear the design of a serpent.

No reasoning against the innate instinct of art can withstand the facts:



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isn't the nature of ornaments the same with all people and all tribes, however isolated from each other by time and space?

The problem of the origin of the ornamental art, in any case, leads us back to the primitive touches produced by the primitive man: a hollow and a line. It is on these two that all the rest of ornamentation is founded. The ancient man, busy with moulding huge boilers with rounded bottoms, or with making a tiny cup covered with a network of lines, was instinctively applying all tools he could find: his hands, his nails, quills, stones from meteoric showers, strings, nets. Everyone tried to make the vessels of his household as valuable and beautiful as he could.

One can sense the keenness of the cave-man in covering the whole surface of a boiler with tiny little holes or with interlacing designs. One can follow his excitement of an artist at the time when he first thought of applying strings, nets, even his own clothing, in order to leave the imprint of their tissues on the soft surface of the clay. But this also failed to satisfy him, and he discovered some vegetable paints and applied them eagerly. It is easy to imagine what an amount of his inventions must be buried in earth, or effaced by time, or by water; most likely, the same scale of red, black, grey and yellow tinges had been embellishing his clothes, his hair, even, perhaps, his body. Really, the fact that the cave-man did everything to embellish his surroundings stands out as a living reproach to us. There can be even no comparison between our aspirations for art and his—who walked the same ground thousands and thousands of years ago.

Those who see ancient stone articles only behind the glass panes of the

museum cases can hardly avoid the error of having prejudice against their beauty. But take any original piece of a stone weapon and put it side by side with your favorite modern art things: to your surprise, it will not bring any discord with it; instead of jarring on you, it will add a note of nobility and restfulness.

If you wish to see the soul of an ancient piece of stone work, try to find one somewhere yourself. At first, you may not notice at all that you were lucky; but, in twisting it round in your hands, you may place your fingers in the same hollows which were meant for a similar human hand, and—from under the layers of age (which makes the stones grow grey too)—you will suddenly behold a beautiful work of love and beauty on a piece of jasper or of a dark green jade.

The variety of tools, instruments and weapons of the ancients is much greater than is usually known. The Russian Neolith proves this amply. There are lots of complex objects amongst its remnants which defy so far our imagination as to their use.

It gives a feeling of satisfaction that this is not merely a praise for one's own country: at the Pre-historic Congress in Périguet in 1905, the best French connoisseurs, Mortillier, Rivière-de-Precour, Cartalliac and Capitan have hailed the exponents of the Russian Neolith with enthusiasm, and have placed them on the level of the Egyptian samples.

Are we able to picture in our minds the dwelling of a Stone Age man? There is no answer to that yet. But the fact we should bear in mind is, that there is often left nothing but a heap of brown stone even in the place of a very large building.

The remnants of stake dwellings



"MEHESKI, THE MOON PEOPLE." (Compare with Pueblos.) By N. Roerich.

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indicate well developed forms of home life. We certainly had them in Russia. It was an old idea with the Slavs to isolate their dwellings from the ground and to place them on stakes. The little bungalows of this kind where the Siberian and the Ural hunters to this day store away the skins of killed animals have lived through countless centuries. At the beginnings of trade, such stores played a great part. Our first chronicler, Nestor, mentions "burials above the stakes by the roadside"; this refers to the ancient "huts of death," or, actually, isolated little tombs erected in the shape of little log-huts on stakes. The favorite item of Russian fairy-tales, "the hut on chicken legs," is of the same origin. Numerous islands on our broad lakes and rivers fostered the popularity of such dwellings of which whole villages were erected.

Let us look just once more at the picture of life as it must have been in the far vistas of the Stone Age.

I can see a lake. A row of dwellings along its bank. There is something refined about their ornamentation which reminds you of India and Japan. There is harmony in the great gradation of color of stones, furs, wicker-work, pottery, and the tawny human skin itself. The roofs topped with tall chimneys are covered with dark yellow reeds and fur skins and with some extraordinary net-work interwoven with thatch. The ridges are fastened together with carved planks of wood. Keep-sakes of successful hunting are also used as ornaments over the corners of the roofs. Invariably, there is the glaring-white horse skull that guards the place from an "evil eye." The walls of the houses are covered with ornamental designs in yellow, red, white and black. There are fire-places for

bonfires inside and outside the dwellings and above them vessels are suspended—beautiful ornamental vessels in brown and greyish-black. There are skiffs and nets at the water-side: they are thin, well-made nets. Skins of animals are spread about to dry: bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, sabres, ermine.

There is merry-making. A festival is taking place to hail the victory of the Spring Sun. The people have been round in the forest and enjoyed the first foliage and bloom and grass, and have made wreaths of it all to wear on their heads. Quick, alert dancing is going on, to the piping of wood- and horn-pipes. Many of the various garments amid the crowd are trimmed with furs and with touches of colored needle-work. Smartly shod in leather and in woven foot-wear the people stride about daintily. The younger generation forming rings for dancing and singing wears amber ornaments, embroidery, stone beads and the talisman teeth.

These people liked to please each other! These people were sure to throb with joy! Art already played a great part in it. They were also sure to sing so that one could hear their blending voices far beyond the lake and forest.

The huge bonfires looked like living creatures of gold in the coming dusk. The people's figures moved against them—quick or pensive, but filled with the sense of appreciation of life.

The water in the huge lake that looked stormy in the day time now became restful and was like lilac-colored steel. Skiffs, taking their part in the festival, swiftly glided along it late into the night.

The Yakuts in Siberia, whose language has all but died out by this time, used to sing not so many years ago

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their ancient, ancient song of the spring festival; here is its literal translation:

"Hail, thou juicy-green hill! The spring warmth is revelling! The silver birch is unfolding herself! The smooth fir is brighter! The grass is green down in the glen! This is the time for games and for merry-making!

"The cuckoo is shouting, the dove is cooing, the eagle is searching, the lark is gone up to the skies, the wild geese are flying in pairs, birds with motley feathers have come back, and those with tufts are crowding together!

"Ye people who find your market in the dense forest—and your city mid the naked branches—and your street along the water-way!—whose prince is the wood-pecker, and whose alderman is the blackbird! All of ye—speak out! Make your youth come back to you, sing without halting!"

The day will come yet when we shall learn much about the Stone Age. We shall appreciate that age and learn a lot *from* it too. Only the Indian and the Shaman wisdom has kept some reminiscences of it.

Nature will prompt us to grasp many mysteries of the beginning of things. But there will be no words to prompt us: there is no language left of those times; and no finds, nor phantasies, will lead us to it. We shall never know the song worded by the ancient. What was his shout of hunting, of wrath, of attack, of victory? What words did he use when revelling in his art? His word is dead forever.

The wise men of Mayah have left an inscription:

"Thou who wilt show thy face here after us! If thy mind thinketh, thou shalt ask—Who were we? Who are we? Ask the dawn about it, ask the forest, ask the wave, ask the storm, ask love! Ask Earth—the beloved Earth filled with suffering! Who are we? We are Earth."

When the ancient felt the approach of death he thought with great calm:

"I am going to rest."

We do not know how they spoke in those days, but they thought in terms of beauty.

So we have traced man's love of art back to the Stone Age. You can see that our way was not inconsequent or casual; it has actually lead us to the origins of real art and real aspirations for knowledge. And now I address you from the depth of ages: you—the most modern people, and you—who have lived through scores of thousands of years, and you—the conquerors of the globe.

Remembering all the great conquests of art, we should think now again of applying to real life the beneficent charms of beauty. Otherwise, materialism, in its last spasms, will threaten to choke the enthusiasm and spirituality that are now awakening.

In the spheres of art one comes against hypocrisy more frequently than elsewhere. How many people talk "high words" about art and at the same time avoid it in their lives!

On the other hand, we can rejoice at the fact that many women and many of our younger generation are holding the torch of art on high.

We must not be sad. We must meet the cosmic phenomena with smiling gladness because we are constructing just now new forms of life. We know by this time that art is placed as a foundation stone of every genuine culture. Humanity is beginning to understand again, that creative work is not unnecessary luxury. It is gradually recognised as a vital factor of daily life. We know that all aspects of life are set in motion only by art, by achievement of perfection in its manifold facets.

The world of Eternity illuminates our dusky existence by its breathings of beauty; we must walk the rising road of grandeur, enthusiasm and achievement with all the powers of our spirit. The new world is coming.

New York, N. Y.

## THE 117TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS

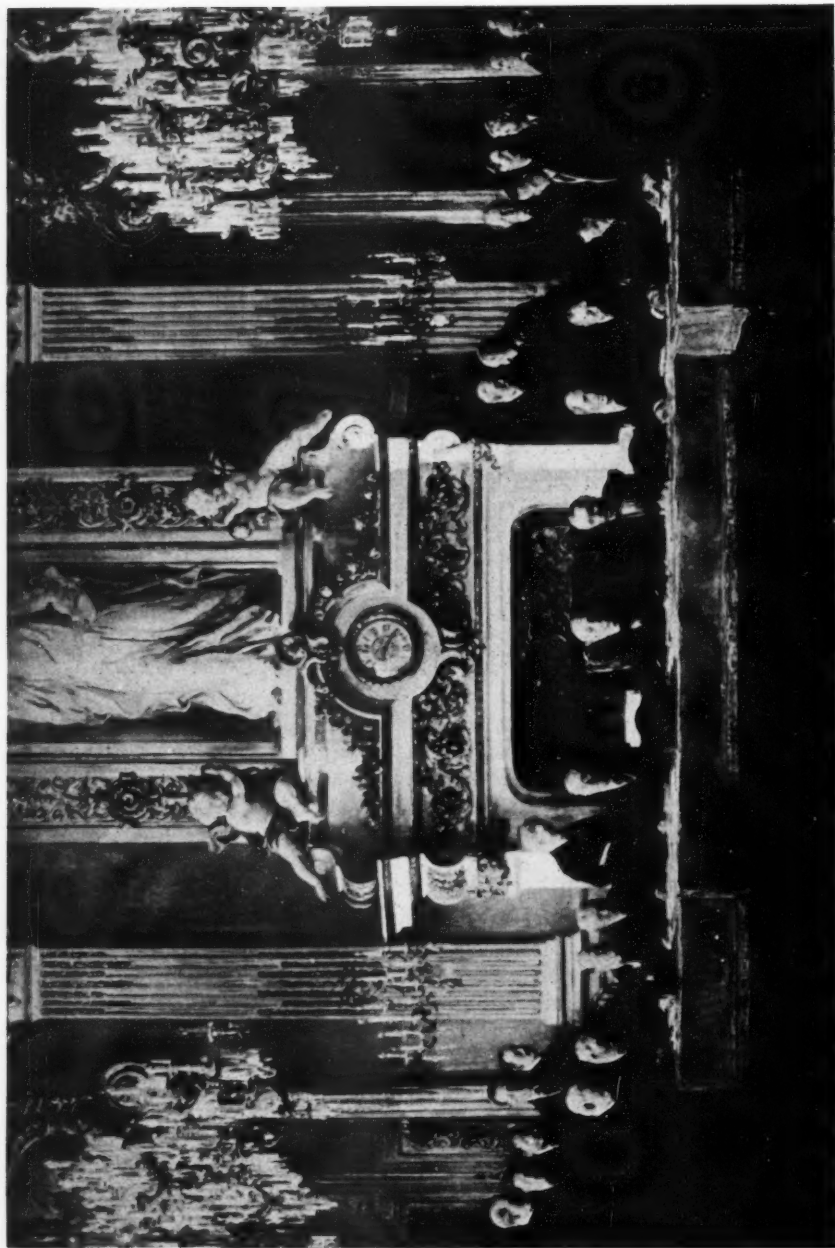
By HARVEY M. WATTS

WITH a brilliant Private View the 117th Annual Exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts opened February 4th and continued until March 26th, inclusive. The general effect of the Exhibition, which contains 427 paintings in oils and 139 pieces of sculpture, is in every way a brilliant resumé of current American art, the "American Salon" feature of the Academy show being kept up consistently this year since all the various centres such as Boston, Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and the West, including the Taos School of New Mexico, were characteristically represented by attractive canvases. In landscape the Delaware Valley School with Redfield, Garber, Spencer, Folinsbee, Colt was very much in evidence with strong things, and Lathrop as the poet painter carrying off the Temple medal, while Elmer W. Schofield, formerly associated with them but who is now living in England, has sent over some very characteristic English landscapes that make effective contrasts to the more vivid colors of this side of the water. The Hanging Committee and the Jury, which had a very difficult task this year since pressure for space was somewhat beyond the usual, solved the problem by giving each Gallery special distinction with the two large galleries, Gallery "B" and Gallery "F" carrying the larger canvases, though, as in the past decade, the tendency toward small canvases which can be lived with in the home is quite the order of the day. In Gallery "B" the place of honor is given to

Joseph DeCamp's formal study of "The Council of Ten" in session in Paris, while the central picture in "F" on the western wall is Gari Melchers "Easter Sunday," a study of blithe attendance in a Dutch church full of color and spirit.

As for livability the committee has made Gallery "G" a regular open air bower of flowers, fruit, garden scenes, figures bathed in sunlight and even such interior still lifes that are hung being rich in color, which adds to the special gayety of the scene. This gayety is even present in Alice Kent Stoddard's study of the Monday wash on the line in a city back yard, but the striking thing in this Gallery is the sumptuous "Still Life with Fruit" by Mary Townsend Mason, the Mary Smith Prize Winner, while Kathryn E. Cherry's "Fish, Fruit and Flowers" is a gorgeous mass of contrasted iridescent colors. Philip L. Hale with his "Morning Sunlight" presents figures in the open in his most brilliant manner with the key of light being pushed to the utmost of effects that are dazzling, while in a very much more subtle scheme of colors, Frederick Frieske shows a dappled nude lying on the ground in a peach orchard and as it were catching the hue of the peaches as well as being bathed in sunlight and reflecting all the colors of the grassy slope in a way that makes the figure seem to be transparent and a mere part of the light scheme. Colin Campbell Cooper contributes some real garden studies while Juliet White Gross leads off the gallery with a "Mother





"THE COUNCIL OF TEN," by Joseph DeCamp.

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and Babe" in the open steeped in sunshine.

"In Gallery "H," the companion gallery to "G," landscapes and figure studies carry off the honors with three very original imaginative marines by S. Walter Norris giving the keynote of originality and some vivid paintings by George Oberteuffer, revealing him in a new and vigorous light by reason of which he secured the Sesnan prize "for the best landscape." One of the central figures is Philip L. Hale's study in the style of the Dutch school of the seventeenth century called "Musical Moment," while Daniel Garber shows another study of his daughter, "Tanis in White," which ranks with the \$2,000 prize he won at the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, for his study of the family group entitled "South Room; Green Street." The fact that John Singer Sargent has a conspicuously fine portrait of "Charles H. Woodbury" in this room and also a remarkable open air study entitled "Dolce Far Niente," gives some idea of the range, while a strong local touch is given in the five landscapes by Charles Morris Young, which tells the story of fox hunting in the picturesque country-side round and about Philadelphia.

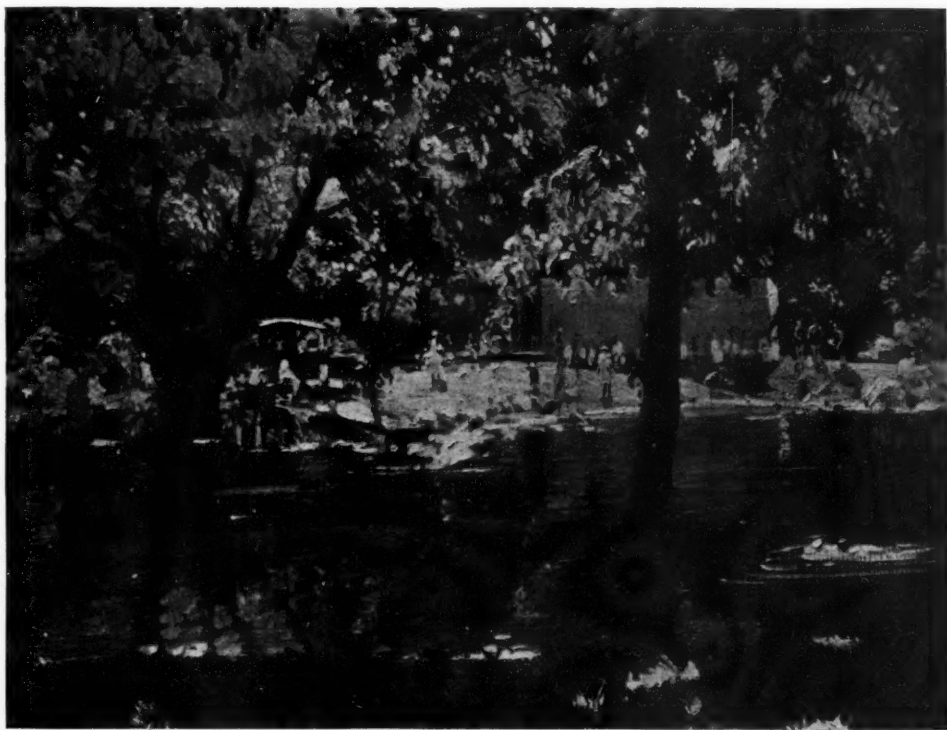
At the very head of the stairs in the north corridor is Violet Oakley's study of the aviator son of Dr. George Woodward, "H. H. Houston Woodward," who was killed in service in France in the Lafayette Flying Corps, while the keynote of the landscapes of the Exhibition is struck by three splendid canvases by Charles H. David, "Clouds and Sea," Victor Higgins' "Taos Mountains" and John F. Carlsen's "Stream Idyll." Gallery "I" nearby has some fine portraits by Henry Rittenberg, Jean MacLane, Robert Henri and George Bellows, with landscapes giving

variety from the brush of leading men of the day. Gallery "A" is equally well balanced with Walter Ufer, one of the leading Taos men finely represented, while Alice Kent Stoddard, Felicie Waldo Howell, Juliet White Gross, Yarnall Abbott, Morris Hall Pancoast and others of the Philadelphia and Delaware Valley schools are characteristically represented. In the south corridor, Felicie Waldo Howell gives character to a back yard study and the central painting is the aristocratic study of a young girl by Lydia Field Emmett entitled "The Red Haired Girl," while Wayman Adams' study of an "Old New Orleans Mammy" and Albert Rosenthal's portrait of "Mrs. R. Tait McKenzie" adds a special touch to the general effect. The large Gallery "B" contains several of the largest canvases including two striking studies of Indian life in New Mexico by Walter Ufer and Ernest L. Blumenschein and in addition brilliant landscape canvases by Gardner Symons, Victor Higgins and Hayley Lever, and Redfield comes up with a marine from Maine, "Boothbay Harbor," and Frederick J. Waugh's "Elements in Cosmos" represents a study of waves and clouds almost sculpturesque in character. In this gallery occurs the prize, Ellen Emmett Rand's study of "The Hon. Donald T. Warner," while Lazar Raditz's portrait of "Dr. Walton Clarke" is one of the finest canvases in the Exhibition, a striking portrait of Mrs. Duane by Robert Susan being one of the successes in Gallery "E."

The main gallery in the northern series Gallery "G," this year represents a wide range of landscape of figure work with the Gari Melchers "Easter Sunday" the feature of the western wall. Among some of the more brilliant canvases is Hugh H. Brecken-



"VISION OF THE DAWN," by Elliott Dangerfield.



"THE LITTLE BATHING BEACH, WISCONSIN," by George Oberheuffer, won the Jennie Sesnan Gold Medal.

ridge's imaginative study of city conflagration called "Fire," while marines by Ritschel, Jonas Lie, Charles H. Woodbury, and Philip Little represents characteristic canvases, with Schofield, Garber, Potthast, Nisbet, Folinsbee and Lathrop as a prize winner with his "October Evening" and Redfield coming up with their studies of fields and valley in various seasons. Garbera "Grey Woods," with the emerald of winter wheat being effectively contrasted with a first snow by Redfield, which is a humanized study of the ever famous Delaware Valley. As for interiors and figure work, the Boston school culminates in William M. Paxton's "Girl Arranging Flowers," which won the popular prize at the recent

Exhibition in the Corcoran Art Gallery, while Irving R. Wiles carried off the Walter Lippincott Prize for his "Little Green Hat" in Gallery "H" and is just across the doorway of Mrs. Paxton's boudoir study entitled "Breakfast Abed." Martha Walter comes up strongly in an Ellis Island group and of course Robert Henri in "Edna" presents a vigorous portrait study glowing with color. The sculpture this year is notable for restraint as to size and is marked by some splendid portrait work by the younger men, such as Renzetti, Stamato and D'Imperio, who have grown up under Charles Grafly's eye and direction while Grafly himself is represented by a distinguished and sympathetic bust of Edward H. Coates.

*Philadelphia, Pa.*



*Courtesy of Knoedler Galleries*

"SPANISH DANCER," Salon 1921, by Louis Kronberg.



## NOTES FROM THE NEW YORK GALLERIES

By HELEN COMSTOCK

### *Louis Kronberg's Spanish Dancers at the Knoedler Galleries*

Louis Kronberg's Spanish dancers strike a brilliant note in his exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries lasting into the first week in March. These were painted during a recent visit to Spain and, although not an entirely new subject to the artist, have the charm of novelty to add to the effect of their vivacity and splendid color. Scattered among them are pastels of the ballet, also recently done, which show no abating of his former interest or skill.

"Spanish Dancer" was exhibited in Paris in 1921 where it created so much interest that Mr. Kronberg was elected an associate of the Salon National. The painting portrays a vividly beautiful Spanish girl in gleaming white, with a lace mantilla arranged in towering headdress and falling to her waist. There is a touch of blue in her bodice, while green and gold unite in a flowing pattern in the background. Although she is not shown in motion, there is a suggestion of grace and animation about her even in repose.

"Lolita," on the other hand, is dancing with all the intensity of Gypsy enthusiasm. Her long blue skirt with its sweeping train takes its swing from the motion of her swaying body, and the up-raised hand and delicately poised head tell of a complete yielding to the rhythm of the music. In "The Dancer in Yellow," one of the most colorful, a rich blue further emphasizes glowing warmth of tone.

Among the ballet pictures is "Ballet Girl in White," a silhouette of white on white, and "Ballet Girl in Blue," distinguished by the easy grace of line of which Mr. Kronberg is master.

### *Charles Reiffel's Landscapes at the Dudensing Galleries*

Charles Reiffel's recent landscapes, shown at the Dudensing Galleries during February, were painted in the neighborhood of his home in Wilton, Connecticut, and it is perhaps because he lives within sight of the trees and farms and hills which he paints that his canvases speak with so much authority concerning them. Mr. Reiffel first charms you with his glowing color, which is luminous and clear, and then proceeds to hold your interest by his strong draughtsmanship, which gives a satisfying sense of structure to his wooded hillsides and granite ledges.

He sees with the eye of an artist the rhythmic sweep of hill and valley, and throughout the most complex composition maintains the dominance of certain simple lines which preserve a definite unity. With this as a foundation he turns to his color, using a deep blue in the water of a slender stream, making a red barn a telling note of color, and above all, massing green on green, in every variety of tone and quality.

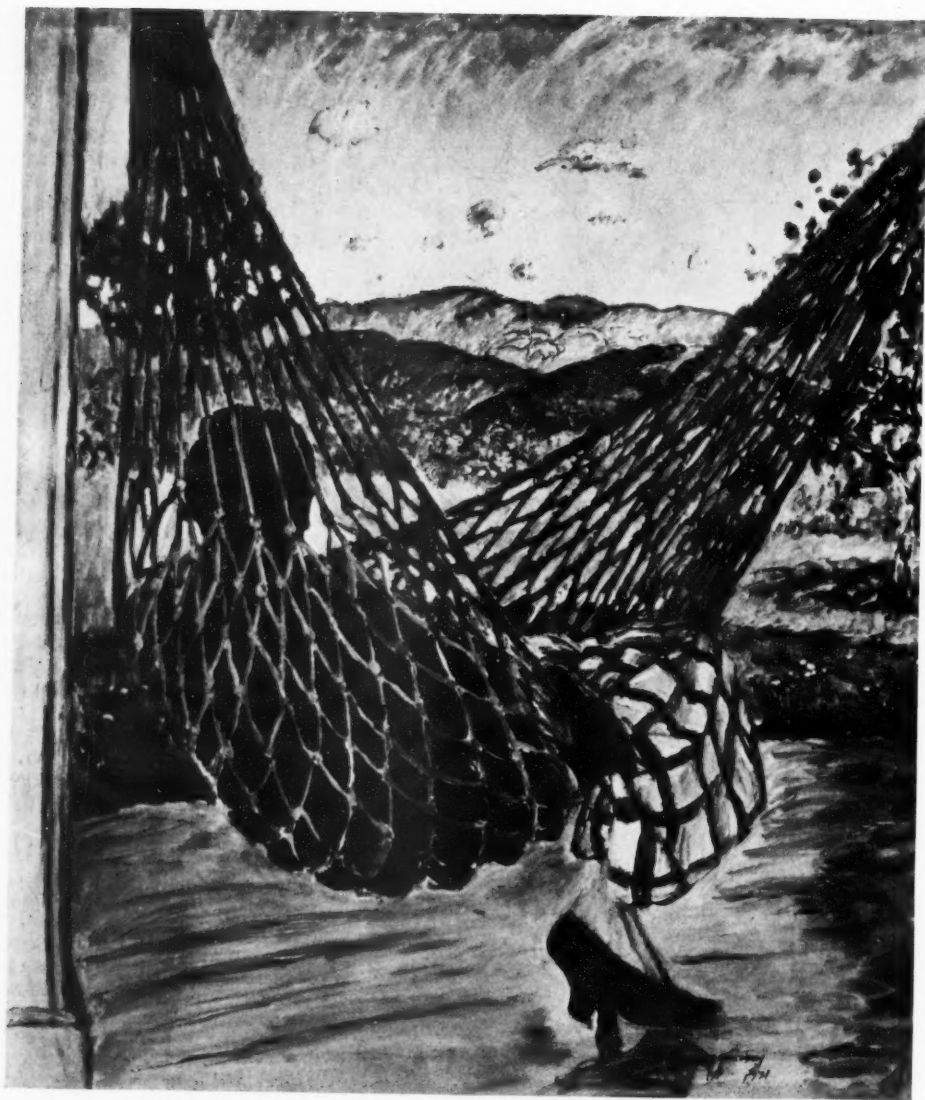
"Spring" is devoted to the first fresh green of young leaves, and "Autumn in Silvermine" glows with subdued flame. "Edge of Mill Pond" has great variety of form and color, and includes the typical New England dwelling which appears, quite unidealized and yet with undoubted charm, in so many of his canvases. "Silvermine Farmhouse" shows a long, sweeping slope dotted with trees, in a pattern suggestive of tapestry.

### *"Fedalma," by George Fuller, recently sold by the Rehn Gallery*

This painting, which was completed by George Fuller shortly before his death, was recently sold to a New York collector for a sum in excess of \$40,000 by the Rehn Gallery. "Fedalma," it will be remembered, was the heroine of George Eliot's dramatic poem, "The Spanish Gypsy," who married a prince of the royal blood. According to the story her husband offered her a choice of all his treasures, from which she chose a necklace of gold coins—which she holds in her hands—because it had belonged to her mother.

"Fedalma" was begun by Fuller in 1883, and was completed in 1884, which was also the year of his death. The painting was first bought by Charles E. Lauriat of Boston, was later owned in Europe and finally returned to America, where it has been in private ownership for several years.

The painting is similar in vein to "The Turkey Girl," now in the possession of the Worcester Museum, although the face of the gypsy is stronger in type and the picture as a whole is considered a finer example of Fuller's work.



"THE HAMMOCK," by Esperanza Gabay. Mrs. Malcolm's Gallery.

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### *"Mademoiselle de Gottignies," the Metropolitan Museum's New Van Dyck*

This eminent example of Van Dyck's art has recently come into the possession of the Metropolitan Museum through the bequest of Edmund C. Converse. It was painted during the period between 1627 and 1632, after the artist's return from Italy. It was a time of great activity for Van Dyck, as the absence of Rubens from Antwerp during 1629 and 1630 gave him first rank among his contemporaries. It was also at this time that the famous portrait of Marie Louise de Tassis was painted, of which this is reminiscent in both spirit and manner.

The portraits of this period mark a step beyond anything Van Dyck had done before, and are greater even than those in his "Genoese manner," which were distinguished by their rich tonality and royal splendor. There is greater light in these of the Flemish period, and such portraits as those of Philip le Roy and his wife, now in the Wallace Collection, the Count de Bergh (in the Prado), the "Lady and Her Daughter" (the Louvre) and the "Wife of Colin de Nole," in the Munich gallery, place him on an equality with Raphael and Titian.

### *Exhibition of Esperanza Gabay's Paintings at Mrs. Malcolm's Gallery*

There is an assurance and ease about the work of Esperanza Gabay—whose exhibition of paintings at Mrs. Malcolm's Gallery lasted into the first week in March—that argues both experience and skill. For this reason her work comes as something of a surprise to those who have not noticed her contributions to the Academy the last two years, which marked her only other appearance in New York.

The charm of Miss Gabay's work lies in her freshness of viewpoint and a kind of stern insistence on painting just what she sees in nature, its quiet greens and its penetrating but not too brilliant sunlight. Mixed with this is a quality of persuasive subtlety, a living warmth, that takes away the edge, if edge there be, of so faithful a realism. She paints the countryside of New England without being intensely local. There is something about her gardens and farmhouses that makes you feel at home with them from whatever part of the country you come. Her "House Across the Way," a low, yellow structure with a friendly air, "Ellen's Back Yard," with its stretch of smooth green, and the old black horse and surrey toiling up the hill in "Invited Guests" have all the familiarity of former acquaintance.

"The Hammock" is in many respects the most interesting picture in the exhibition. A woman resting in a hammock and looking out toward the distant blue hills is a subject commonplace enough, but under Miss Gabay's touch it takes upon itself a compelling charm. There is repose, quiet, absolute stillness in it. The whole picture is invested with the reflective mood of her subject.

Her interiors are as significant as her landscapes. In "The Turquoise Kitchen," of which the title suggests the delicious note of blue, she paints bowls of flowers with their brilliant reds dimmed in the half light. "The Attic Room" employs masses of white, in the counterpane of the bed and on the slanting walls, while all other coloring is so soft that her variety and strength of tone throughout become all the more remarkable.

### *Vincent's Landscapes and Marines at the Milch Galleries*

Harry Vincent, who has just exhibited his landscapes and marines of Cape Anne at the Milch Galleries, renders a much painted part of the coast in a manner entirely his own. There is nothing bizarre in his work, no over-emphasis to gain attention by false means—his originality springs from qualities honest and sincere. There is a poetic feeling about his pictures, perhaps because he sees the old New England in the new, and suggests memories of the past in her shaded streets and old docks and piers. His color is extremely satisfying, now brilliant and scintillating in the intense blue of Gloucester Harbor on a July morning, and again, luminously soft in the browns and greens of the headlands of Cape Ann.

"On the Beach at Provincetown" takes for its central theme a long gray pier extending across the sand to the water, which is seen like a blue ribbon behind it. "Reflections—Low Tide" is rich in color, interweaving yellow boats on still blue water with an interpolation of green in the reflections from the houses on shore. His Italian fishing boats with their brilliant bands are a picturesque note and his other small craft are drawn with the familiarity of close acquaintance.

"A Street in New England" proves the artist as much at home on land as on the sea and expresses the appeal of delightful old houses and dignified elms. One of the smallest, "Old Houses, Rockport," creates a charming pattern of white walls and red chimneys.

## CURRENT NOTES AND COMMENTS

### *Solon H. Borglum, Artist, Soldier and Patriot*

The life of Solon Borglum must hold great fascination for those who love the "Fairy Tales" of life. His youth was spent in utmost simplicity. In those days he seems to have desired nothing greater than to be a man of the open. Indeed, when his talented brother after securing a great stock ranch decided to leave it and return to civilization, Solon, still happy in the rugged life of cattlemen and prairies, refused to accompany him.

Not until Mr. Borglum was twenty-five years old, and partly through the influence of his brother, did he decide to leave the great western plains and study art.

In Los Angeles and Santa Ana he began his studies, taking up a life of difficulties and poverty, but the love for art which had lain so long dormant, once aroused became the passion of his life and he worked incessantly. The influence of his early years spent in the vast loneliness and beauty of prairie life, however, had entered into his soul. Soon these characteristics began to show themselves in his work. From painting he turned to modelling and designed groups which told of the life of simple western people. To him the austere grace of solitary Indians, the sweep of interminable rolling plains and the vivid vitality of a frantic horse or stampeding cattle held an infinitude of thought and beauty. His first group—a horse pawing the body of a dead horse—earned a prize of \$50.00. It was not without technical errors, but showed promise of unusual boldness and originality. Winning another prize Mr. Borglum was able to go to Paris. When he arrived he was overcome by the vastness of his subject, yet he was not overpowered, and the despotic influence of Rodin left him untouched. He said, while studying in Paris, "I see that the most in art is to be gained by living and working with Nature. That is what I must do at home. Why have I come here?"

His great love for animals led him to sculpture them in many groups, one of the most beautiful being the pathetic and tender "Snowdrift." Here a mare stands braced against the fury of the fierce snow swirling about her. The wind whips the long hair of her mane and tail, she bears the brunt of the awful storm, but safe, protected by her frozen body, rests her little foal, unconscious of the danger. Mr. Borglum's treatment of Indians has about it a peculiar vitality and dramatic power, one of his strongest conceptions being "Desolation," an Indian woman weeping at her husband's grave. The figure seems to hold more of a symbolic grief than the personal pain of one mourning woman. Its appeal is that of a passing race conscious of its doom, rather than that of an individual. For the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915, Mr. Borglum executed "The Pioneer," an equestrian figure of an old man, axe and rifle in hand, musing upon past days of hardship.

After the Great War, in whose service Mr. Borglum was gassed, he became the head and organizer of the A. E. F. School of Fine Arts, at Paris. This institution, formed immediately after the signing of the Armistice in connection with the Y. M. C. A., was one of Solon Borglum's noblest achievements, a direct influence which brought refinement into lives which had been well nigh overwhelmed by the destructive power of war. Here the young soldier was given an opportunity to associate again with the arts of peace.

With Mr. Borglum's passing on January 31st, 1922, at Stamford, Conn., this country loses an artist sincerely democratic and intensely American.

His masterly pieces of sculpture breathe of sincerity and power. Before them the realities of life take their proper place. The insignificant and tawdry goes down before a vision of the rugged beauty of primal things.

M. MARQUETTE CARRINGTON.

### *The Museum-Institute of the Classical East in Moscow*

It was proposed in the year 1918, in the section of Foreign Monuments of the Russian Historical Museum, to create a special Museum-Institute of the Classical East, and in the same year, in December, such an Institution was founded.

Its chief aim is to protect from destruction the monuments of the ancient East, which are to be found in Russia, and if possible to collect them in one place, creating thereby a centre for the systematic study of problems of classical Eastern lore. This study is specially urgent just now as (1) the influence of the ancient East, through the Caucasus and the south of Russia, upon



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Russian civilisation is now clearly proved and (2) because the present historical moment has caused Russia to recede towards the East.

The Museum collection contains at present 4,000 objects and is continually increasing. A special library and a bibliographical catalogue are being formed. A systematic study of ancient eastern gnoseology and psychology (beginning with ancient Egypt) is in the course of being organized.

In the studies of the Museum-Institute is greatly felt the lack of sufficient foreign literature, which it was so difficult to obtain at the time of the war and quite impossible to get since 1918.

The Museum-Institute addresses a request to all Museums, scientific societies, specialists, and editors of the world begging them (1) to send books, periodicals and catalogues dedicated to the study of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, the Cretomycenian culture, of Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Persia, the south of Russia, as well as of ancient America, India, China, Japan, etc., (2) to send information about their work in the sphere of the classical East and in that of all sciences relating to it.

### *Plant-Lore in Olden Times*

Although we do not now attach to plant-lore the same superstitious importance that our forefathers rendered it, yet we still make sufficient use of plants and flowers in our civil and religious ceremonial, for an account of earlier usages in this direction to be of interest.

To commence with the humblest representative of plant life, we find that grass was used by the ancient Jews as a symbol of the soul's immortality, their practice being to gather handfuls of the grass and throw it behind them three times as they left the grave of a deceased relative or friend.

Laurel was used by the ancient Romans as a symbol of Peace, Victory and Joy, and was utilized by the early Christians as emblematic of the same qualities. In mediaeval times laurel was used for the much more mundane purposes of healing stings from wasps and bees, and of keeping moths away from clothing.

The carrying of rosemary and ivy at funerals was regarded, in early Christian times, as symbolical of resurrection from death, but the Romans used cypress which, once plucked, will never grow again, as a sign of everlasting death. But in further significance of the resurrection, coffins were decorated by the early Christians with bay, as it was said that when apparently dead this tree will revive and the dry leaves take on their former living appearance.

The fragrant rose was adapted to many uses in ancient days, and was the subject of an old myth, according to which it was regarded as the flower of Venus and, as such, was consecrated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, to keep secret illicit amours. Among the Romans roses were symbolical, chiefly, of silence and discretion, and in this connection were worn as chaplets at public gatherings of all descriptions. In the Middle Ages it was the sad but beautiful custom in England to plant rose-trees around the graves of lovers, and, at the present day, full-blooming rose-trees in old country churchyards convert "God's acres" into veritable bowers.

Pomegranates were common among the ancient Egyptians, and also among the Jews after their exile in Egypt, and were, according to Pliny, cultivated in Italy from very early times. This fruit was introduced into England in the middle of the sixteenth century, and soon after it became known the seeds came to be regarded as curing many disorders. The pomegranate has constituted a favorite badge of heraldry, and is said to have formed the insignia of the old Moorish Kingdom of Granada. It was also used in the arms of Katherine of Aragon.

Mediaeval times permitted very free use of trees and herbs as preventive and curative materials for ills both spiritual and temporal. The herb abyssum, for instance, was hung at the four corners of the house in exorcism of evil spirits, and the ash was regarded as a protection against serpents. As a cure of a different order birch was used, more freely then than now, as a means of correction to children. The twigs of this widely adaptable tree were used in the making of brooms, and, at certain seasons of the year, the bitter sap was drunk as wine. Beans, considered so nutritive in present times, were, however, in mediaeval days, supposed to retard the exercise of the mind. But if we may believe the records of old monastic regimen, according to which beans and bean-flour were liberally partaken of, the wonderful mental productions and activities of religious men in the Middle Ages form a curious and very evident contradiction of this superstition.

ETHEL MARY GREEVES.



## ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY

### *The Proposed American Excavations at Colophon, Asia Minor*

Professor Edward Capps, chairman of the Managing Committee of the American School at Athens, has recently announced that the Greek government has granted a permit for the excavation of the site of ancient Colophon in the region of Asia Minor now held by the Greeks as a mandate from the Allied Powers.

The expedition will be under the joint control of the American School at Athens and the Fogg Museum of Art of Harvard University. Dr. Hetty Goldman, who excavated the site of Halae in Locris a few years ago, as representative of the Museum, and Mr. B. H. Hill, Director of the School at Athens, spent several months last year investigating suitable sites and finally decided on Colophon as the most promising site for an extensive excavation.

Colophon was one of the great cities in the Ionian Confederacy in classical times, when it was the rival of the more famous cities of Smyrna to the north, Ephesus to the southeast. It is situated almost directly east of Athens across the Aegean Sea. It was said to have been founded in the ninth century B. C. by Andraemon, son of Codrus, the last King of Athens. It enjoyed its period of grandeur in the eighth and seventh centuries. It was sacked in 665 B. C. by Gyges, and again later by Croesus, kings of Lydia, whose capital was Sardis. From this time it underwent a steady decline, and was finally destroyed by the Macedonian King Lysimachus about the end of the fourth century, B. C., to swell the population of the new town he had founded at Ephesus.

The expectation is that the work of excavation will begin during the summer of 1922. In the School at Athens number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, soon to appear, we shall publish, with illustrations, a more comprehensive account of ancient Colophon as known from Greek writers, and of the plans for excavating the site.

### *Presentation of the Herbert Ward African Collection to the Smithsonian Institution*

There has been placed on exhibition in the Natural History Building of the U. S. National Museum the Herbert Ward collection of sculptures and African ethnologica. This collection, which was presented to the Smithsonian Institution by Mrs. Ward, carrying out the wishes of Mr. Ward, is regarded as one of the most interesting and valuable ever received by the Institution. Its reception in Washington is regarded as an event in the fields of both science and art. The collection comprises 19 remarkable sculptures in bronze by Mr. Ward, vivid realizations of the African race and their almost startling cultural characteristics, and over 2600 specimens of Congolese handicraft collected by him during his five years in the Congo with the Stanley Expedition. Especially as to metal weapons and the art displayed in their manufacture is the native collection striking and instructive. Ivory and wood also are materials for remarkable works, particularly the war horns, idols, and fetishes. In the textile art the natives show considerable taste and skill, considering the nature of the materials with which they had to work. Primitive tie-and-dye was practiced by tying round river stones in the cloth and dipping. Basketry reaches its greatest development in the shields, which are strong and well decorated.

In all these specimens will be observed the striving for order and beauty which characterizes the art of unspoiled tribes. It is as though here were a lower phase of folk art such as is observed among civilized peoples. This savage art deserves a sympathetic study with a view to ascertaining its well-springs and the bearing which it evidently has on the history of art.

Mr. Ward's sculptures were produced in a period of ten years, when their uniform excellence would lead one to think that perhaps the artist, well grounded in drawing and painting, had only transferred his conceptions to the round. As a matter of fact, Mr. Ward carried with him always plastic material in which he modeled various subjects as a basis for the illustrations for his magazine articles and books.

To sum up, the Ward collection is a happy commingling of art and science for the purpose of producing a unit illustrating the life of tribes in a low grade of culture approximating the primitive. America is to be congratulated on its acquisition.\*

WALTER HOUGH.

### *International Congress of Americanists*

The 20th International Congress of Americanists will meet in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, August 20-30, 1922. All interested in attending will kindly communicate with Dr. Ales. Hrdlicka, U. S. National Museum.

\*[A profusely illustrated article on the Ward collection will appear in a future number of ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.—Editors.]

## BOOK CRITIQUES

*Design and Tradition*, by Amor Fenn. *Universal Art Series*. Edited by Frederick Marriott. Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y.

A practical guide to the history and development of architecture and the applied arts is this interesting book of 376 pages, liberally illustrated, carefully indexed, and printed in Great Britain. While one may not always agree with Amor Fenn's views, which are not however too extreme though often suggestive of original conviction, yet the presentation is fresh and new, and there is very little quotation. The author traces the history of design, from the prehistoric caveman's bone weapons to the most modern and sophisticated epoch of period furniture, the social weapons of today.

"They are the elect to whom beautiful things mean only Beauty"—Oscar Wilde gives the book's keynote. "It would be beneficial to reject once and for all," writes Amor Fenn, "the idea of inspiration with its tendency to encourage the 'artistic temperament' in the belief that it 'does not feel like it.'" "Art is an appeal to the emotions by colour, form, rhythm and sound," he says elsewhere, and he observes that "Art is also reflective of the ethics and morals of the time."

For a comprehensive view of architecture, simply presented, with excellent drawings and pictures, from the early tombs and temples to the modern cathedrals, with glimpses of the great French and British originators, and an equally useful survey of ancient and modern furniture, well figured, besides the analysis of elements of design in the conventional, natural, and human figure motives, the student will find this book an excellent compendium, especially adapted to the work of schools of fine and applied arts, now so frequent in America, in which courses it is helpful to have at hand for ready reference so much information, usually to be had only in a dozen different volumes. Wall paper, book binding, wood carving, metal work, ceiling decoration, and lace are also treated.

The work is typically arranged, with brief discussion of many phases of each subject. The 223 illustrations include several times as many figures. Mythology and Symbolism, reviewed in the conclusion, give us a synopsis not only of the Greek and Roman, but the Scandinavian, Teutonic, and Christian.

This compendium will be useful in any art library, and should also interest the casual reader of today, with the wide awakening of American art enthusiasm. It is issued in the *Universal Art Series*, edited by Frederick Marriott.

G. R. BRIGHAM.

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*Adventures in the Arts—Informal Chapters on painters, vaudeville and poets, by Marsden Hartley. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1921.*

This series of papers embraces several that have appeared in ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY and other periodicals in recent years, together with a number of essays in print for the first time. Marsden Hartley has won for himself an enviable place as an original and thought-provoking critic of a very trenchant style peculiarly his own. He is perhaps doing more than any other present day writer to awaken a sympathetic appreciation of the soul of "the Red Man," as witness the introductory essay of this volume, reprinted from ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY, January 1921, and the article begun in this number (pp. 113-119). He is perhaps not quite so convincing in his papers on Impressionists and Impressionism, on Modern Art in America, and the Importance of being "Dada," as he is too much in sympathy with the ultra-modernist tendencies of the day to satisfy one who has been brought up on classical and romantic traditions and believes in holding to the best that is thought and known about the permanent and universal qualities of art from the teachings of Aristotle and the master critics of later periods.

We must not, however, judge Marsden Hartley as we would other critics. As he himself says in his preface, "These papers are not intended in any way to be professional treatises. They must be viewed in the light of entertaining conversations." From this view point they are a decided success, and afford the reader infinite pleasure. He longs for a more intimate acquaintance with this poetic and finely tempered personality. M. C.

*The Princess Naida, by Brewer Corcoran. The Triumph of Virginia Dale, by John Frances, Jr. Boston: The Page Company, 1921.*

These are two of the engaging novels, issued in recent months by the Page Company, the first being a stirring tale of adventure and romance, the latter a psychological study of the transformation from restrained girlhood to independent and purposeful womanhood. A valiant American officer, lingering in Switzerland, after the world war, is the hero, a brave beautiful little princess of the mythical principality of Nirgendsberg, is the heroine of the first story. Her throne is lost through the intrigues of Bolshevism, but the Princess Naida finds through her unfaltering faith in American manhood triumph over her foes and a newer and a better throne in the land where every woman is queen.

